

The Butter'd Apple-Pye. no 78

1. Octob. 1711

SIR *Gravity* well grown in Years,
Unfit to manage House Affairs,
Thought the Remainder of his Life
Wanted the Helps and Comforts of a Wife:
A Wife was thought on, *Thais* led
To be the Partner of his Bed,
Whose prudent Care and Huiwifry
Should regulate his Family.
Her fond Assistance give him Health,
Her Management improve his Wealth;
So he should live in idle Ease,
And yet his Substance not decrease.

But oh! how seldom do we find
Such Virtues lodg'd in Womankind?
How often proves ill-chosen Wife
Nor the Support, but Plague of Life?
Thais despis'd the common Road
In which her Sex have always trod,
By some unlucky Fate inclin'd
To Arts more subtle and refin'd.
From Twelve Years old to Forty Four
Plays and Romances were read o'er:
In Poetry the took Delight,
Pleas'd to rehearse what others write;
Till by much conning o'er, in time
She learn'd herself the Knack of Rhyme.
Oft with Poetick Warmth inspir'd,
Within her Closet she retir'd,
There to express the Amorous Flame
Of kind *Orinda* Love-sick Dame:
Or with a sharper Pen reprove
The Rudeness of *Alexander's* Love:
Or in Sad Elegies relate
Poor *Dryden's* too too rigid Fate,
Did he not still survive in *Tate*.

The Husband found how Matters went,
And lik'd not this her Management;
Was griev'd to see his House neglected,
Himself, his Friends but ill respected:
For Friends there often came to see
The good Old Man, Sir *Gravity*;
But little Welcome there they found,
Seldom the generous Glafs went round,
Nothing of Entertainment got,
No Beef nor Mutton in the Pot;
Madam, forsooth, was out of th' way,
And would not be disturb'd that Day:
Careless of others she had been,
Feasting on *Spencer's Fairy Queen*;
Her Morning's taken up in studying
To make a Poem, not a Pudding.

Sir *Gravity* preach'd often to her,
Told her these Courses would undo her;
Then leave 'em off, my Dear, said he,
E'er we're reduc'd to Beggary,
Attendant sure on Poetry.
He begg'd, but found 'twas all in vain
To try to cure a Poet's Brain.
But yet to shew what Scorn he had
For this her wretched Rhyming Trade,
He thus consult'd with his Maid:

He bid her go, and secretly
Steal some of Madam's Poetry,
And pin it round his Apple-Pye.
Phillis obey'd him in a trice,
O'er-joy'd at this new Device,
Unlock't her Lady's Door, brought off
Songs, Epigrams, and such like Stuff;
And never in the least suspected,
Did as her Master had directed.

The Pye was bak'd, the Cloth was laid,
And Dinner for my Lady stay'd;
My Lady came, fate down, but soon
Spy'd what Sir *Gravity* had done:
Then like a Fury up she flies,
Her Anger sparkling in her Eyes,
And durst thou, Villain, thus abuse,
Thus violate my Sacred Mufe!
My Mufe which shall exalt my Name
High as the loudest Voice of Fame;
Make me for ever to be known,
Rendering the Age to come my own.

Ye Sacred Nine, if e'er ye did inspire
My Breast with Raptures and Poetick Fire,
Raise now my Passion to unusual Height,
Augment my Fury and increase my Spight,
That I may vindicate our common Right.

The Sisters minded not the Cry
Of their Romantick Votary,
And now assist'd her no more
Than ever they had done before.
Yet what the Muses here deny'd,
By help of Furies was supply'd;
By them excited up she got,
And snatch'd the Pally piping hor,
Both Cruft and Apples she let fly,
Which falling on Sir *Gravity*,
Scalded his Chops and burnt his Face
Occasioning an odd Grimace:
Nor stop't the here, but Butter too
With equal Rage and Force she threw,
Which levell'd right, was by the Steam
That from the hot Bak'd Apples came,
As modern Authors have averr'd,
Melted and trick'd down his Beard.

This rais'd the Husband's Choler high;
Prompted by that he long'd to try
If Force would make her now restore
The Breeches she so long had wore.
Nor did his Courage fail I ween,
But more Conduct still had been
In every Action always seen.
He fear'd the worst, and thought 'twas best
To turn his Anger to a Jest;
Then smiling said, my angry Dear,
'Twas kind in you to take such Care,
And since this Accident befel,
To see the Pye was butter'd well.

FINIS.

